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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1881. NUMBER 12.

**POETRY.**

[The following poem, written by a young semi-mute, is touching and beautiful, and we are sure would be greatly appreciated and cherished by parents who have the misfortune (or good fortune) to number among their offspring a child that is deaf and dumb.—Ed.]

**THE DUMB CHILD.**  
BY CLARA E. TYRRELL.

She is my only girl,  
I asked for her as some most precious thing;  
For all unfinished was Love's jeweled ring,  
That set with this soft pearl.  
The shades that followed time I could not see;  
How pure, how perfect seemed the gift to me.

Oh! many a soft old tune  
I used to sing unto the deadened ear,  
And suffered not the slightest footstep near,  
Lest she might wake too soon;  
And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay;  
Ah! needless care I might have let them pay.

'Twas long ere I believed  
That this one daughter might not speak to me;  
I waited and waited—how patient—how patient—  
How willingly deceived!  
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,  
And tender Hope until it starved to death.

Oh, if she could but hear  
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach  
To call me Mother, in the broken speech  
That thrills the mother's ear!  
Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred  
To the deep music of that holy word!

My heart it sorely tries,  
To see her kneel with such a reverent air  
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;  
Or lift those earnest eyes  
To watch our lips as though the words she knew,  
Then move her own, as she were speaking too.

I've watched her looking up  
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,  
With such a depth of meaning in her eye  
That I could almost hope  
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,  
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,  
The chorus of the breezes, streams, and groves,  
All the grand music to which Nature moves,  
Are wasted notes that never reach her ear;  
To her; the world of sound a tuneless void;  
While even silence has its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair;  
Her blue eyes beautiful; of finest mould  
Her soft, white brow, or which in waves of gold  
Ripples her shining hair.  
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,  
For He who made it, keeps the master-key.

Will He the mind within  
Shroud from earth's babel clamor be kept free,  
E'en that His still small voice and step might be  
Heard at its inner shrine?  
Thro' that deep dusk of soul, with clearer vision  
Why do I grieve? O, murmuring heart, be still.

She seems to have a sense  
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play;  
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,  
Whose voiceless eloquence  
Touches all hearts—though I had once the fear  
That even her father would not care for her.

Not of all gifts bereft  
Even now. How could I say she did not speak?  
What real language lights her eye and cheek,  
Grateful to him who left  
Unto her soul yet open avenue  
For joy to enter, and for love to use.

And God in love doth give  
To her defect, a beauty of his own;  
And we a deeper tenderness have shown;  
Thro' that for which we grieve.  
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear?  
Yes, and my voice shall fit it—but not here.

When that new sense is given,  
What rapture will its first experience be,  
That never voice to meander melody,  
Than the rich songs of heaven,  
To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round,  
While angels teach the ecstasies of sound!

**STORY TELLER.**

**A Poem By Winona Silver.**

I sat in the editorial sanctum (the chief was in Europe, and consequently I had twice as much work as usual to do) toiling through a long manuscript, and wishing with all my heart that the distinguished writer had seen fit to use the familiar letters of the alphabet instead of hieroglyphics of his own indistinctly resembling them, when there came a light tap at the door. "Come," I called, rather sharply, for I was a little vexed at being interrupted, and the door opening slowly disclosed a lightly clad—much too lightly clad for a cold January day; I saw at a glance—girlish figure standing on the threshold.

"Are you the editor—Mr. Gray?" asked a very timid, sweet voice.

"I am," I replied. "Come in, please."

The girl entered, closed the door, sat down in the chair beside my desk, to which I motioned, and said never a word. I could hear her breath coming quickly, as though she were terribly frightened, and I purposely went on with the Oriental characters before me to give her time to recover herself, for I remembered with painful distinctness my own first call upon an editor (knowing intuitively this was a first call), when my heart, albeit it was a mainly one, thumped harder than it ever thumped before or since. At last I raised my eyes from the paper. My visitor had thrown back her veil, from which dropped little drops of water—melted snow—was regarding me with a wistful, beseeching gaze. In return, I regarded her with one of astonishment, for hers was the sweetest and most heart-touching face I had ever seen in my life, and so peculiar in its beauty that I find it hard to describe it. Big pathetic light brown eyes, with glints of gold in them; long bronze-brown lashes; hair of the palest sunshine, as though moonlight and sunshine had mingled together; slightly parted rosy lips, revealing a glimpse of small white teeth; colorless but pretty round cheeks; and over all that indescribable charm of innocence that is to youthful beauty, to use old and well-worn similes, as the bloom to the peach and the fragrance to the rose.

"What can I do for you?" I asked, speaking gently enough this time.

"I—have—a story," stammered the poor little thing, "which I thought you might—It's my first—and if you only would—"

"I will look over it with pleasure," I said, as she paused, apparently unable from sheer nervousness to go on. "Leave it with me, and I promise to give it my earliest attention."

And as she handed me the roll of paper, I saw she wore no gloves, and her hands were red with the cold; but I also saw they were as exceptionally pretty as her face, with slender tapering fingers, and pink shell-like nails.

"It is not written on very nice paper," she said, rising, as I took the manuscript from her. "I had nothing but scraps of old letters, and backs of circulars and bills; but—with a gleam of modest pride, and a glance at the hieroglyphics—"I write very plainly, and it will not take you long to read it. And when may I call for an answer?"

"To-morrow," said I, without a moment's hesitation, though I knew I ought to devote all the time I could spare from my other duties for weeks to the very lengthy contribution of the distinguished author.

But for the life of me I could not forget her. Wherever my gaze fell, there I beheld those great pathetic eyes, that faint golden hair, those prettily curved trembling lips. "And she was cold. Cold! I should think so—actually shivering in that thin shawl, while I, great strong fellow—(looking at my heavy overcoat, hanging on the opposite wall). "Pshaw! you may stay there to-night." And I actually went home without it, as though that would make the poor little girl any warmer, and caught a severe cold in consequence, as I might have known I would. After which ebullition I began the story and read it through.

It was written plainly, that could not be denied; in fact, in the way of chirography it was all that could be desired; and there were some pretty and fairly original ideas in it, and some gleams of a poetic nature; but the plot was so highly romantic and visionary, and the whole thing so evidently the work of one who had not yet even mastered the primer of authorship, that it was impossible to give it a place in the publication of which I was the junior editor.

But never did the necessity of saying "No" distress me so before, not when even Alvarita Strawhorn, since known as the author of "A Riddle solved by a Cimeter," told me that in spite of my rejection of her novelettes, "the laurel wreath would enfold her brow when I was still grovelling the obscurest of the obscure."

I slept but little that night, thinking of it. Something told me it would almost break the girl's heart. Should I accept it, pay for it myself, and then consign it to the waste-basket? No, that would not do, for she would be anxiously watching for its appearance in print, and bringing more stories meanwhile, for my consideration. What could I do? Morning found me undecided.

When I took my place at my desk, I was still undecided. And I had reached no decision when, in answer to that gentle knock, for which I had waited as I believe no editor ever waited for would-be contributor's knock before, I again called "Come." She came in, and sinking into the visitor's chair raised her eyes in mute inquiry to my face. I searched my brain for some harmless falsehood with which to soften the blow, but those eyes compelled the truth. "I have carefully read your story," I said, "and am sorry to say it would not suit our paper." The little hands went up to the face; the veil dropped over them. I heard a stifled sob, and my heart began to ache. "But this is no reason, Miss Silver," I continued, with assumed cheerfulness, "that with a few alterations, it should not suit me, I will take it to-night, revise it, and you can try again."

The veil was tossed aside, and down came the hands. "Oh, I am so ridiculously afraid of strangers and strange places!" she said, with a wan little smile shining through her tears. "I should never have dared to come here had I not heard you were one of the kindest of men. Is there nothing you can give me to do, Mr. Gray?" I can read the most illegible of writing readily—a talent I inherit from my dear father—and I can copy rapidly and plainly."

Now I had nothing on hand which it was absolutely necessary that I should have copied, but a vision of the poor child coiled up dark stairs into cheerless offices, cold and fright-

ened, with that, in its present form, unsalable story, rose before me, and I determined to make work for her until I could find her some easy, permanent employment elsewhere. So I said quickly, as though it were the very assistance of all others of which I stood in need, "If you are willing to accept work of that kind, I can employ you two or three hours a day for a month or two, and you may begin at once."

Her eyes sparkled. She thanks me did not speak. I bade her lay aside her hat and shawl, seat herself at the chief's desk, and prepare to copy the Chinese-like characters of the famous author over which I had been puzzling the day before.

She obeyed me with the simplicity of a child, and was soon bending over her task, a flush of pleasure on her cheeks, transcribing quickly and faithfully.

As for me, the sight of that tiny hand traveling over the paper with wonderful grace and ease, and the clear-cut profile drooping above it, caused some ludicrous mistakes in the article I was writing, about which mistakes I received no less than seventeen communications during the week following its publication.

The two or three hours passed away. She showed me what she had accomplished with pride, accepted payment for it with a blush, donned the summer shawl and hat, and tripped away, promising to come again on the morrow. The morrow found her punctually at her post, and so did many mornings, and at last the MSS. was almost copied, and I had been unable to find any other employment for my faithful little amanuensis. Meanwhile the child had told me her sad story. Her mother died at her birth. She had never had any home, but had always lived in boarding houses with her father, a school-teacher, who, dying a year ago, left her to the mercy of an only relative, a wealthy aunt. That aunt—heaven forgive her!—refused to receive her, saying she had "children of her own to look after, and saw no reason why the girl should not follow her father's profession."

"I tried to," said Winona, "but the children would not mind me. Minnie Minnett minds me, because she loves me. I board with Mr. Minnett, and teach Minnie in part payment for my board. Mrs. Minnett is not unkind to me; but she is not as kind as she was before papa died. And papa used to say I wrote excellent compositions, and so I thought, perhaps, I could write stories for the papers. And I was induced to come to you first by hearing a gentleman, a writer, praise you very highly one day. 'He is one of the kindest-hearted fellows in America,' he said. But, for all that, I came to your door three days in succession before I could get courage enough to knock. On the fourth day, you called 'Come' in such an awfully cross voice that I came near running away again. And on one of those three days, when I was standing outside, you were laughing and talking with a handsome young lady. I heard you, and saw her. She had the loveliest ostrich feather in her hat."

"And what has become of the story, Winona?" asked I. She had rebelled against "Miss Silver," or even "Miss Winona," at an early period of my acquaintance, on account of my being so much older than she. I was eight and twenty, and she ten years younger.

"My story—with a musical laugh—"which you altered until it was almost your story? I sent it to the *Weekly Romance Portfolio*, and they accepted it; and well they might, for, thanks to you, it was very good indeed. And they sent me a check for it—a very short check for such a long story—and there it is," pointing to a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. "And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, "all her shyness coming back again!" "I should like to show you—but I am afraid."

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"A poem of mine, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and a really little poem which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, conscious that Winona was stealing a glance at me every now and then from under her long lashes, but in reality puzzling my brain, as I had a hundred times before, as to what was to become of the poor, pretty, frank, innocent girl, left alone to battle with the world.

"By Jove! I exclaimed aloud, "it's too bad."

"Is it so very bad?" she asked, in faltering tones.

"I wasn't referring to your verses, Winona. They are very good indeed, my—I should say Winona."

"And you will accept them?"

I parried the question with another. In a flash, my heart had been revealed to me.

"Winona, will you write a valentine for me? I never could do anything in the way of rhymes myself."

"I shall be glad to do so," her voice trembling a little. "Is it to be to the handsome ostrich feather?—I mean to the handsome young lady with the ostrich feather?"

"Perhaps. Take a sheet of paper and set down in prose what you are to turn into poetry. Tell her that the first time I saw my heart owned her for its queen; that since that bright and happy day she has never been absent from my thoughts; that I love her with sincerest love, and long to hear her say that she loves me."

The little maiden grew paler and paler as she wrote, and when she had finished, I saw the hands go half way to the sudden face, but fall again in obedience to a will command.

"I will write it to-night, and bring it early to-morrow," she said, "for to-morrow is St. Valentine's day."

And although I reached the office earlier than usual next morning, Winona was there before me, looking, poor child, as though she had passed a weary, sleepless night.

"I have brought the verses," she said, "and I hope you will like them."

"I am sure I shall," I replied. "Read them to me, Winona."

"When first by me—Heaven bless the hour!  
That face of beauty race was seen,  
That voice was heard, my slumbering heart  
Straightway awoke and owned its queen.  
"A never can it sleep again,  
But filled with love's supreme delight  
The lovely image entertain  
In thoughts by day, in dreams by night.  
"But with that image can I not  
Forever, dear, contented be,  
And so I pray St. Valentine  
To give thy charming self to me."

"And I hope you'll be very happy," said Winona, choking a rising sob.

"But perhaps she won't have me," said I.

"Won't have you? repeated Winona, as though such a thing was impossible.

"She might not. But I shall soon know my fate."

"Here is an envelope. Please direct it."

Winona waited with uplifted pen.

"Miss—Winona—Silver."

"Miss Winona Silver."

"Miss Winona Silver."

"Miss Winona Silver. You have written a valentine to yourself."

"And you mean it?"

"I mean every word of it. If you doubt me add, P. S., in plainest prose, 'Will you be my wife?'"

"I'm the happiest girl in the whole world," said Winona, "and I'll never write another story the longest day I live."

I took her little hands in mine. "You never shall, my darling. I said so. The office door flew open, and in stalked the chief. "Mr. Ponton—Miss Silver, my intended wife," I hastened to say with much discomfiture, it must be confessed. "And now, Winona," I added, "run away home, and never come here again. I must not be disturbed during business hours."

"I am glad to see that you have so strict a sense of the fitness of things," said Mr. Ponton, with a grim smile, which led me to believe that Mr. Warren, our scientific editor, whose desk was at the extreme end of the long room, had not been as deeply absorbed in his work at times as I had thought him to be.—*Harper's Weekly.*

**YORK, PA.**

**EDITOR JOURNAL:**—Rev. Mr. Syle conducted a religious service for mutes at St. John's Church, on the afternoon of March 6th, at 4 p.m. Ten deaf-mutes were present. At the conclusion of the service, Rev. Mr. Spaulding, the Rector of the Church, informed the mutes through Rev. Syle, that they were at liberty to use the reading room in the Parish building adjoining the Church whenever they felt so disposed. This is but one of the many favors the mutes of this city have received at this gentleman's hands, and they are very grateful. Dr. Gallaudet will hold a service in St. John's Church, on Wednesday, March 30th, at 4 and 7½ p.m., a cordial invitation to attend, will be extended to the mutes of the surrounding country.

In answer to a letter which we sent to the State Committee of the Philadelphia Convention in regard to forming a sub-committee in our city, we received the following:

"DEAR SIR:—Your letter came too late, even if the State Committee was willing to accept your plan of appointing a sub-committee for York. It has been decided to request Mr. Barnitz to call a meeting of the resident alumni, and have a committee appointed by vote of said meeting."

"Yours truly,  
"G. D. DAVIDSON, Secretary."

Action will be taken by Messrs. Barnitz and Kohler next week concerning the election of a sub-committee, so there is a fair prospect of York's being represented in a fitting manner at the convention. As soon as the committee are appointed, their names will be forwarded to the JOURNAL.

We think, Mr. "Spy's" letter to be unjust in regard to the election of Mr. Zeigler. We know the latter to be a gentleman of high culture.

**SIDS**

YORK, PA., 3-14-81.

**Surprise Party.**

On the 19th inst., a very jolly surprise party was given to Messrs. Abey and Sammy Koffman by their affectionate mother and sister at their residence on Lexington Avenue. The night was very stormy, and the rain kept pouring down in torrents for hours without any abatement, nevertheless, the invited guests reached their destination in due time. The beautiful illumination of the tastefully arranged parlor was greatly increased by the beaming presence of numerous fair young ladies.

As soon as everything was adjusted, Mrs. Koffman sent for her boys, who were kept on purpose by their cousins living across the street, saying that a thick-bearded farmer in big boots was in the parlor wanting to see them. They went home right away, followed by their cousins. The company were sitting in a circle in the back parlor with the sliding doors shut. No sooner did they approach, with a feeling akin to disgust, the room where they really believed the untidy countryman was, than the doors were drawn open and the imagined countryman was transformed into a large group of prettily dressed and sparkling jeweled ladies and clean shaven low-shoed gentlemen. Here Abey and Sammy stood amazed, and still might have become two pillars of salt like Lot's wife, had not their friends risen quickly and greeted them so cordially as they did.

The evening was spent in a most enjoyable manner.

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

A set of numbered cards was passed round among the ladies, who each chose one, the gentleman then picked a card from another set. The lady took the gentleman's arm, whose number was the same as hers, and marched to a nicely prepared supper, to which ample justice was done. Mr. Koffman, the father of the boys, had on his arm a lily checked lady, dressed in rich black velvet. Mrs. Koffman's partner was the gallant but faint-hearted Moses.

The names of the invited friends are as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Bloomingdale, Miss E. V. Reed and sister, Mr. Heyman, Miss Hancock, Mr. and Mrs. Roaves, Mr. Ella and Sarah Koffman, Miss H. Sonneborn, Mr. Guggenheim, Mr. Froelich, Miss F. H. Jones, Mr. Souweine, Miss Sophia Sonneborn, Miss Mandie, Mr. M. Sonneborn and Miss G. Decker, of the Washington Heights Institution. As midnight was drawing, the party began to break up, and soon the glowing pleasure because a thing of the past.

**M. H.**

**DEAF AND DUMB PARTIES.**

The feature of several forthcoming church socials, will be 'deaf and dumb parties.' The merit of these interesting affairs is that no body talks. Perfect silence prevails, unless some unlucky wretch accidentally lets slip a word, and to precipitate this catastrophe the ladies present use every means in their power to frighten or startle those of the sterner sex into making some remark. Every man who thus trespasses is fined ten cents, and the fine goes to swell the coffers of the church.

There is a story in this connection that is good enough to bear repetition:—A deaf and dumb social of this sort was gotten up somewhere in East. The terms were these: A bountiful spread was provided, and every one who 'stuck through' the evening without saying any thing was given his supper for nothing, while every one who had spoken was fined two dollars apiece for the meal.

"One by one the victims fell, until at last every one had been fined, until one cadaverous looking man, who attending strictly to business, was left alone. To him everybody devoted their energies, but in vain, but with the regularity of clock work passed his plate. Finally the wiles and arts had been exhausted, but he still devoured in silence. At last he ate the sixth piece of pie, and wiping his mouth on the table cloth, he rolled up his eyes in deep satisfaction, and whipped out a little slip and wrote on it: 'I am deaf and dumb.' And he was."

**LOUIS HUFF.**

**Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.**

Place	Date
Chicago, (Confirmation)	March 27th.
St. Louis, (Confirmation)	April 3d.
Lafayette, Ind.	" 4th.
Cleveland (Confirmation)	" 10th.
Indianapolis	" 17th.
Dayton, O.	" 22d.
Cincinnati (Confirmation)	" 24th.
Piqua, Ohio.	" 25th.
Dayton, (Confirmation)	" 26th.
Marion, Ohio.	" 27th.
Detroit, Mich.	May 1st.
Flint.	" 2d.
Jackson, "	" 3d.
Pittsburg, Pa.	" 8th.
Erie, (probable)	" 9th.

**The Amateur Farmer.**  
BY DAVID NICHOLSON.

I dreamt of a beautiful time  
When the world should happy be;  
When the elephants and hyenas  
Shall blossom on every tree;  
When the tamarind and potatoes  
Shall cease their dreadful roar;  
When turnip trees shall blossom  
In the garden for evermore.

I dreamt of a great republic  
When the people shall all go West;  
When plums and rasp potatoes  
In the land they love the best;  
When pig iron and molasses  
Shall bloom on every hill,  
And the chickens low in the barnyard,  
While gooseberries toil at the mill.

I'm weary of seeing the cabbage  
Haide the rake and the hoe;  
I'm weary of waiting and watching  
For the grass-hopper bush to grow;  
I long for the time when spinach  
Shall cope with bread and milk;  
When hens shall lay potatoes,  
And horses spin new silk.

**LEADVILLE.**

The Magic City of the clouds.  
One of Colorado's greatest and most wonderful cities.  
How your reporter gathers deaf-mute notes in the camp.  
Leadville's boast of a deaf-mute society.

I am a Leadvillian. There are about ten deaf-mutes here, five of whom are now attending school at the deaf, dumb and blind asylum, in Colorado Springs. That place is very healthy. Leadville is well known as the "Zenith city," and is situated 10,250 feet above the level of the sea. The city has a new court house and public school building in course of erection.

Robert Dwyer, who was educated at the Michigan Institution, came to Leadville some two years ago and settled at the Iron Mine, of which his father is the foreman. Robert met me a few weeks ago and said it was the intention of his family to move on a farm in Michigan in the spring.

We learn that Lynn Mosier, who was educated at the New York Institution, has a house and lot on Chestnut Street, in this city. He is engaged in sawing and chopping wood, and is an industrious and sober man.

A grocer of this city recently had a conversation with us, in the course of which we were informed that he had two deaf-mute cousins who reside in the Gunnison City. They graduated from the Ohio Institution, and are both engaged in tailoring. I omitted to learn their names.

During a visit here of some gentlemen from San Francisco, we were informed that a mute named John Craig, had recovered his speech through experienced medical treatment. He has visited the Sidney Institution in Australia.

We deny circulating the report that a deaf and dumb man, whose name could not be learned, fell into a mine shaft near Leadville and in consequence recovered his hearing and speech.

An unknown deaf-mute was recently arrested here on the charge of soliciting alms, but was discharged on condition that he left the city at once.

We are glad of the opportunity to say that Mr. James Cary, formerly of Denver, but now of Breckenridge, thinks of moving to Leadville in a few weeks. The mutes of this city will be happy to welcome him.

The JOURNAL continues to arrive punctually, and is much esteemed by the mutes.

We clip the following from the *Leadville Chronicle* of some two weeks ago:

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# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAR. 24, 1881.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

In this issue, Mr. Harry White explains a point in his article in the last number of the JOURNAL to which we took exception. He says that he did not mean he was in favor of such books as "The Murder of Bloody Gulch," and that we either did not fully apprehend the tone or spirit of the words he used, or attached too literal a meaning to them, and maintains that they were said in a half-jesting spirit. We are glad that he agrees with us entirely in regard to the class of books to which the sample quoted belongs, but we are rather sorry that he should write on such a subject in a strain that could possibly be misinterpreted by any intelligent reader.

There is one point about the whole matter which he does not seem to comprehend, and that is, we did not criticise his article, but merely took exception to two points in it, and the very fact that he agrees with the opinion which we expressed, should be sufficient to convince him that we wrote only for the benefit of those who might be misled if they attached "too literal a meaning" to the language which he used.

We elip the following from the Ohio Chronicle:

"Since our last issue, the report of the New York Institution for 1879 has come to hand, fourteen months behind time. That beats most State printing for tardiness; but the work, done by the pupils, is well and creditably executed, even if after so long a time."

The Report referred to was finished just one year ago, and the Report for 1880, which is a volume of 152 pages, 5000 of which have been printed, is now in the binder's hands. Would it not have been better if the Chronicle had ascertained the real facts before giving publicity to the above item. It is unjust to the pupils who printed the Report, for that not only a first-class work, but do it quickly.

We have received the Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, for the year 1880. During the term just passed, the Institution has been supported by private negotiation. The bill which appropriated the amount required for carrying on the school, through the negligence of a clerk, did not receive the signature of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and consequently failed to become law. The Directors now hope to be reimbursed by the Legislature for the expenses which they have incurred.

Mr. Benjamin Halliwell, Jr., who resigned his position as Superintendent, was succeeded by Mr. Richard T. Cadbury, and the position of house-keeper, which was held by Mrs. Lydia T. Halliwell, who also resigned, has been filled by the appointment of Mrs. Anna M. Nathans.

Two of the directors, Rev. William Rudder, D.D., and Rev. Dr. Henry A. Boardman, also one of the teachers, Mr. Amos L. Pettengill, died during the year.

There were present during the year 324 pupils—173 boys, and 151 girls.

The long expected paper from the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb has at length arrived. It is called *The Maryland Deaf-Mute Bulletin*, and is a well got up little monthly of twelve pages, folded and stitched in professional style. The printing is good, the reading matter select, and altogether it promises to be not only interesting and instructive to the mutes of the Maryland School, but welcomed and read by all to whom it may be sent.

## NOTICE.

*St. Ann's Free Church for Deaf-Mutes, and their Friends*, 18th Street near 5th Avenue. Sunday services at 7 and 10:30, a.m., 1:45 p.m., and 7:30 p.m. The 2:45 p.m. service is conducted in sign-language for deaf-mutes. There are frequent interpretations by signs at the other services. Next Sunday evening the sermon of the Rev. Dr. Krans will be interpreted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. During Lent, daily services at 8:12 and 4, and on Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7:45 p.m. Bible Class for deaf-mutes on Tuesday evening at 7:30. Confirmation on the third Sunday after Easter, May 8th at 3 p.m.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mrs. Charles W. Mowry is confined to bed by gastric fever.

Mr. B. G. Kingsley has left Ohio and taken up his abode in the Keystone State.

Messrs. P. A. Riley and W. J. Graham paid a visit to the New York Institution a pleasant visit last week.

It is said that several mute persons are going to Kosciusko, Miss., to attend Rev. Job Turner's service.

John J. Thompson, of Iowa, is in the harness selling business with his uncle and two cousins. He says business is brisk.

Prof. John R. Dobyn is busy making several improvements at the Mississippi Institution. The pupils all like him very much.

Alex. Luckey left school in Illinois a few years ago. He went to Villica, Ia., to visit his friend, Mr. William H. Prevost.

Mr. Carl Holland left the Iowa Institution a few days ago. He is working on a farm near Carbon, Ia., and is not married yet.

Mr. James H. Smith, of Dayton, Ohio, is proud of having a Napoleonic forehead. But, James, please look out for another Waterloo.

WAKEFIELD MASS.—Mary Wallace, deaf and dumb, was run over yesterday afternoon by a hand car on the Georgetown branch railroad, and received serious injuries.—*Ex.*

John A. Gilden, of New Hampshire, works in the Wallace Shoe manufactory and makes pretty good wages. Next summer he will go to Central Lebanon, Me., to visit Mr. Horace Moody.

Mr. Andrew Kepner is in Avondale, Ia. He owns 80 acres of nice land, and has a mute brother. His brother Gideon has moved his family to Fontanelle, Ia., from Avondale, Ia.

Mr. Joseph Palmer used to live in Maryland, he went to Iowa about thirty or thirty-five years ago. He walked from Maryland to Iowa, he never went to school. He has a farm of 80 acres. He will buy some more land.

The New York DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of this week has a spicy and interesting Woonsocket letter, from the pen of Mr. John F. Donnelly, of the Reporter composing room.—Woonsocket, (R. I.) Reporter, March 23.

General Patrick Sullivan, (semi-mute) has left his situation of painter at the Boston and Albany Railroad shops last week, he has got another job at the Boston water-works, painting. He says his wages are much better.

Mrs. Julia Bennett, of Philadelphia, lost her afflicted daughter, Annie S. Bennett. She was only sixteen years of age, and died of typhoid fever. Mrs. Bennett was worried greatly over her loss. We hope that her daughter is at peace in Heaven.

A mistake was made in an item in last week's issue to the effect that a wealthy lady in Boston had donated the sum of \$50 to the Beverly School. It should have added that the lady in question donated the sum of fifty dollars to the School, and the sum of three hundred (\$300) dollars to the shop about to be built.

The sum of \$33 has been abstracted from a box belonging to Mr. George Legg, a deaf-mute compositor who works in the Patriot office at his boarding place. The money was taken at two different times, the first sum taken being \$10 and the last \$23, and of which he can find no trace. It seems too bad that any petty thief should steal from such a person.—Woonsocket, (R. I.) Patriot.

John F. Donnelly met W. A. Jackson in Providence, R. I., last Sunday, for the first time since they left Washington—three years ago. They had no idea of even meeting each other on the soil of Rhode Island. However, they had a splendid time. Mr. Oscar Kinsman, of Providence, was with them, and they had no time to visit the other mutes.

Mr. Sipple, of Philadelphia, has been very sick. He has been confined to his bed for five weeks. He has been down stairs one week. We are sorry that he suffered so much, but are glad that he is better and that he will soon recover. His wife was very kind and attentive to him. His charming speaking daughter, Mrs. Farley, also attended him. Mr. and Mrs. Sipple are very happy to live with daughter and son-in-law. The latter have a grand little speaking son. He can make deaf-mute signs wonderfully well considering his tender years.

Miss Annie B. Garrett, for some time a teacher of articulation in the Central New York Institution for Deaf Mutes, in this city, has resigned her position and accepted a similar one in the New York Institution for Deaf Mutes. Miss Garrett is a faithful and efficient teacher. Miss Lizzie Mitchell, a daughter of W. H. Mitchell, of this city, who has given much attention to the method of deaf mute instruction, has also accepted a position as a teacher of articulation in the New York School. Miss Mitchell is a graduate of Home Academy, and is an excellent scholar. She will no doubt make a successful teacher. Misses Garrett and Mitchell will leave for New York about April 1.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Mrs. Rankin, a semi-mute lady, of Philadelphia, has a speaking husband. They have eight grown children. Mr. Rankin is a well-known business man. He has been in the lock-making business for forty-eight years. His manufactory is in Seventh street, near Chestnut street. He is an honest and industrious man. When he was a boy, he came from Edinburgh, Scotland, to America, and took up boarding in Philadelphia with the mother of his present wife. Here he fell in love with her pretty, kind-hearted, semi-mute daughter, and married her. All of their children were born in the same house on Ninth street, near Arch. They own the house in which they are living. They think they will soon rent it out to be occupied as stores, and remove to a new dwelling house. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Rankin a long and happy life.

Mrs. W. L. Bird's address is Vassar, Mich.

Messrs. Geo. W. Davis and H. H. Davis, stopped at the Bay State House in Worcester, Mass., while attending the Levee.

The number of pupils who are sick with measles at the Texas Institution, has dwindled down to four. All are doing well.

The brother of William J. Terrell, of Guelph, who is a shoemaker, has gone to the Western States looking for employment.

Mr. R. Newton Parsons recently of Hazardville, Ct., is now employed in the Spinning Department of Mr. Cyrus White's stone-mill in Rockville, Ct.

John Q. Hahn will go west to Pittsburg and a few principal cities to see his friends, in about three months, and will spend the summer in Clarion, Pa., Penn.

Mr. Edward Beverly Nelson, Principal of the Central New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, paid a visit to the New York Institution a couple of weeks ago.

Edward Duran, of Boston, who was thrown out of employment by the fire, began work again two weeks ago. His large circle of friends are glad to hear of his success, and hope his employment will be steady.

William T. Carter, the mute bootblack of the Old Colony Depot of Boston, professes to be the champion at his business. He can block 100 pairs of boots in five hours, and wants to know if any one can beat him.

Mr. Charles H. Sharrar, a deaf-mute son of Samuel Sharrar, of Clarion Co., Pa., is a very cheerful and industrious young man. He is in the city of Philadelphia, and is working with Daniel Paul, Jr., at the shoe manufactory of Nalin & Brother, now.

An intelligent deaf and dumb artist, poorly dressed, was lodged in the lock-up in the town of Middletown, N. Y., on the 4th inst. He said his name was J. H. Lloyd. He came from Hartford, Conn., and was going West.—*The Orange Co. Press*.

Charles McKeever, as usual, is still working in the St. Louis chair factory, where he has faithfully served for seven months. There is also an other fellow worker by the name of Mike O'Brien, who has worked in the same factory for two years. May success attend them.

Geo. W. Davis, a deaf-mute of Milton, Mass., was generous to give five dollars towards the printing of the Report Maine Deaf-Mute Mission on Sunday, the 6th inst. He gave five dollars to the Boston Deaf-Mutes' Fund on the 8th inst, and he is unmarried.

Mrs. Totten, an educated deaf-mute lady, formerly a member of the first class ever taught in the New York Institution, wishes to obtain board with a deaf-mute family in New York City or vicinity. She will pay \$12 a month, and render assistance in the house. Replies may be sent to the Editor of this paper.

Here is a good story about a French boy of seven years. His mother took him to see an old uncle, who was very deaf and who had an ear trumpet. After watching his uncle using the trumpet Pierre finally said, "Mamma, why does uncle try to make noise out of that horn with his ear when he has tried a hundred times and knows he can't do it?"

The mutes of Guelph, Ont., and vicinity gave a surprise party to Mr. Robert Scott, (deaf-mute) and wife, at their home in Elora, which is about twelve miles from Guelph. Among those who attended were Wm. and Mrs. Terrell, and Miss Bell. — Miss Haines, Miss Kent and Mr. John Featherston. Mr. Scott is a carrier by trade, and has three grown children, all of whom can hear.

A writer tells of a telegraph operator who is deaf, yet reads from an ordinary "sounder" by placing his leg against the leg of the desk on which the instrument rests, noting the ticking of the sounder by means of the slight jar thus communicated. It is a curious fact that operators who are so deaf as to be unable to hear conversation carried on in an ordinary tone, can readily read from the ticking of a faint sounder to which they have become accustomed.—*Harpers' Weekly*.

Mr. Francis M. Luttrell and his sister, in company with their folks, have recently moved to Downsville, N.Y., where they propose to live and have their place of residence up at Cairo, Illinois. The Luttrells were educated at the Illinois Institution, and left the Institution about eight years ago. They are intelligent, and talkative young people. It was reported that they had moved to Little Rock, a few months ago. Mr. Luttrell is a printer by occupation, and is a very prosperous working man. His old friends regret his parting, but wish him success.

On Sunday night, the 13th inst., the Rev. John Turner held, in connection with the Rector, a combined sign and audible service at St. Paul's church, New Orleans, La., where were present about thirty deaf-mutes, among whom were Mr. Daniel P. Maroy, Mr. and Mrs. Lebrano, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Harris, and others. He had the pleasure of meeting a very promising deaf-mute boy of about twelve years old at the service, whose father is editor of one of the daily papers in that city. On Tuesday, the 15th, he got off at Morgan City where he staid with Mr. R. B. Lawrence and his sister and brother, all deaf-mutes, about two days, for whose benefit he held a private service. On Thursday he sailed for Galveston; Texas.

Mr. H. C. Rider, of Mexico, N. Y., got off at Watertown last Friday, on his way home from Massena Springs, to see his friend, C. O. Upham, at his office. They enjoyed a pleasant chat for two hours, and Mr. Rider went home on the next train. He was called to the Springs by a telegram, announcing the severe illness of his oldest son, but the son got so much better that Mr. Rider's presence would not be required any longer, and he returned home. He spoke very favorably of the manufacture of sugar beet in his country, and said that if the kind of climate would admit of the growth of sugar beet in the country, he would embark in that business, which he hoped would be profitable, inasmuch as it has been spoken of a good deal in the papers since the introduction of sugar; but in Northern N. Y. it was given Mr. Rider much encouragement to engage in it. He is apt to make a sound million at his moment. Success to him. He looked more fleshy than he was when engaged in the newspaper business.

## Newark, Ohio.

### BURIED AND KILLED.

NEWARK, March 16.—A deaf and dumb man named Frank Bradford, about twenty-six years old, was run over by an engine near the Pan-Handle Depot this afternoon, and instantly killed. He was a colored man, well known by every body in the city, and was a general favorite. His death caused great excitement among the colored population.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

# ROME DOINGS.

## Visible Speech.

## MR. WHY.

(From our Rome Correspondent.)

Our Principal, Mr. Nelson left us for Albany on business of State. During his absence, Prof. Seliney was in the custom, assumed the reins and directed the great concern. Mr. Nelson returned safely Wednesday evening, and resumed his seat of honor.

I believe I never mentioned to the readers of the JOURNAL that last January we had a pupil, a new comer, twenty-four years old, named Washington March. 'Tis truth stranger than fiction that, although his home was hardly a dozen miles from the Institution, yet his folks never heard of it or sent him here. That locality must be a sort of Burmah—Oneida County. To continue, the promising young man could not change his habits of a quarter century without some upheavings of his constitution. He was taken sick hardly a day after he arrived here, he was laid up very sick, and it was four or five weeks before he was seen in school again. Then as soon as he got well enough he was vaccinated. The virus worked very strongly and swelled up his arm. This was nothing to be easily borne as any one knows, the more so on account of the knocks and tumbles to fall to the tender arm. Our hero seems to have thought so, and that the Institution was the author of all his miseries, so he ran away home. The principal tracked him there, and told his folks to fetch him back if they wished. He was accordingly brought back a day or two later, and consigned to a safe quiet place till his sore arm should toughen. But in vain; on a mild clear night about a week afterward he "lit out" again. The man and horse were sent after him about twenty minutes afterward, but he could not be found. Later we heard from his home, that he had got there and was laid up sick. There we leave him.

Now listen while I unfold my little tale. In early days of the world, when the "Subs." of the JOURNAL were counted only by the hundreds, there lived a man "Kouponeti," "An Israelite without guide—indeed." "Visible Speech" was something new then, and in course of time it fell under his observation. After a careful inspection of the queer machine, he sat down and elucidated its merits in a story, thus: There was once a man who wanted to swim but did not know how. He was a man of ingenuity and advanced opinions. He sought for a bull frog, and having found it took it home. Then drawing the curtains and plugging the keyhole against the ignorant natives, he deposited the bull frog in his washbasin and himself on the floor beside it. After an hour, he had mastered all the mysterious and essential gyrations of the science. He arose, his bottom dilating with pride at his achievements, and with pain from the knotty floor. Well, the dog-days came apace, and our friend sometimes repaired to the lake shore. He stripped and plunged in, full of confidence, but alas! soon sank to the bottom fuller of water, and felt there as the pupil of visible speech does when it fails him among strangers.

The world rolled on, that frog invaded our sacred precincts. A band of gaping youngsters were gathered around it. It opened its mouth and began to speak; then with the assistance of its ex-founder the young one's emulated it. What a queer medley of sounds was the result. Every tone and sound, from the chirp of a cricket and the buzz of a bee, or the squeak of a rat to the grunt of a pig, the bellow of a bull, the whinny of a horse, were all mixed together. If Charles Darwin had been there, he would have remarked that the sounds all ran in the plane of our ascent, from the lowest to the highest, and latest in the chattering of the ape. Practice went on, and at length the chirpers squeaked and the squeakers grunted, and the grunters chattered, and finally and most wonderfully, the chatters articulated. And so it has been going on to this day, up this scale from the lowest to the highest. But the trouble was that some could not be lifted beyond a certain step. Thus the grunters sometimes would not chatter, and the chatters would not mumble. The fame of our expert ex-founder of this wonderful concern seems to have spread beyond our Arcadian limits, and we learn that she shortly is going to Nova Eborica to astonish ye ignorant natives.

"Mr. Why" seems to tread on everybody's toes wherever he goes. And makes no end of trouble and woes; for there is a person here who persists that he maliciously and gracelessly insulted the same, when the fact was that he had been treading on the corns of somebody else with the same name in the City of Brotherly Love. Why is it that some people will always stick their toes in every old shoe they come across, and when it pinches to reproach the innocent individual who puts it down. Why, "if the coat fits, wear it." But if "Mr. Why" comes around this way, a

that person will transfix him with an awful look of scorn.

Our artistic Story's wife is visiting her father in Coopertown for a few weeks.

We are wading in mud and slush.

RUSTICUS.

Rome, March 19, 1881.

## Boston News.

Mr. E. W. Frisbee delivered a lecture before the Boston Deaf-Mute Society last Wednesday evening, and was listened to with marked attention. His subject was the Irish Land League and the war the Boers. He explained about the imprisonment of Michael Davitt, who was sent to prison by British tyranny, because he advocated a just cause. He said very few persons in this country understood this trouble. It was a question between tenants and landlords. The tenants were oppressed by high and unfair rents, and one-tenth of all he raised went to pay rent. If a lord's rabbits got into a tenant's cabbage, or he shot or otherwise killed them, he was put in prison, but on the other hand if the lord shot the tenant, it was an accident. He said that this state of things had existed in Ireland for the last 100 years. It is a fact that long before Greece appeared in her splendor, Ireland, by her inventions, was at the head in her arts or sciences, and that if given an opportunity would again take the lead. He did not agree with others that the religious stripes had done much to bring her down to the level she now occupied. He did believe that this religious difference was the source of religious freedom, and would emancipate the world. There was a man, who, when he was three years old, saw the roof of his mother's cabin carried off during a snow storm by the agents of the landlord, in order to drive out the family into the cold, and he rode in a cart down to the sea-board. He came to England, and grew up to be a man. He learned something of liberty, of right, and also learned to love order and law. He went back to Ireland to see what he could do to alleviate the sufferings of the Irish people. Nearly twenty years ago, while there, he joined the Fenian brotherhood, and was accused of intending sedition and sentenced to penal servitude. The English government kept him in that condition until he was broken in health. By a solemn judgment gave him the right to come home to Ireland and live as other men, unless he broke the laws. That is the compact between this great and Empire and this poor, consumptive, broken-down man. Michael Davitt was seized at night and hurried to prison, for what? For crime? Oh, no, simply because they had the power to do without a trial. They had tried half a dozen well men, and could not send them to prison, and then the Government tried its hand in sending a sick man to prison without a trial. The fact that he was in prison, his life ebbing away, was received with a yell of triumph by the mob of the British gentlemen who form the House of Commons. It is a retroactive law that is allowing every man in Ireland to be taken and imprisoned without a trial, and without a hearing, and without bail, simply when the Lord-lieutenant says that he desires to have them imprisoned. Compare our wrongs for which we rebelled with the wrongs of Ireland. A three pence pound on tea; a stamp on paper; they would not let our representatives into Parliament. That was all. As to the rent paying, in the last seven years \$3,000,000,000 of rent has been sucked from unhappy Ireland. Mr. Frisbee spoke of the honesty of purpose of Mr. Parnell and his friends who have been expelled from the House of Commons, in saying they could not honestly come before the world and ask for money which really went to pay rent to the land-holder, and then proceeded to criticise Gladstone severely for his adoption of the coercive policy. The lecturer, Mr. Frisbee, denounced the English Government for sending her British troops against the Boers, and heartily applauded the Boers, who were lately jubilant over their victory.

Mr. Philo. W. Packard, of the Salem Deaf-Mute Society, delivered a good and impressive sermon at the Boston Deaf-Mute Association last Sunday forenoon.

Mr. Henry Skittlin is making preparations for a visit to the Hartford Institution very soon.

Those Sunday afternoon talks are very enjoyable, and without doubt do much good. May they be continued. There will be a masquerade ball at our hall, Wednesday, April 6th. The society would be happy to welcome old and new friends at our ball. The committee was appointed as follows: Geo. A. Holmes, E. W. Frisbee and A. C. Hargrave.

## CARLYLE'S REMINISCENCES.

"By special arrangement" with the American public, the Literary Revolution will issue immediately a beautiful Acme edition, elegant cloth-binding, of the "Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle," price 30 cents, postage 9 cents, and it can be had of the nearly 2,000 booksellers who are agents of the Literary Revolution in all parts of the United States.

Thomas Carlyle, more than any man of the nineteenth century, taught the American public, and people of good sense throughout the world, to despise pretense and humbug, whether exhibited by monarch or menial. Sensible people who want a good book at an honest price will

buy it where they find it. There is in his country no law which gives to a foreigner the right, as it gives to an American, the right of the monopoly of the publication of his book. If publishers choose to pay a foreign author anything, they can do it only as a "donation," because he can give them in return no protection from competition. Readers have the privilege of making such donation, if they choose to do so without paying it to the publishers and trusting to the possibility of their paying it to the author for him. There is no donation included in the price above named. Readers who want to combine a possible donation, and a positive price, can get an edition of this same book from other publishers at from two to eight times the price. Address for catalogue, American Book Exchange, Publishers, New York.

## The Lawyer Outwitted.

(From the English Deaf-mute Magazine.)

The following story may interest the readers of *The Deaf and Dumb Magazine*, the facts of which are substantially true, as related by the lady herself when over in England, and to whom the circumstances occurred.

She was a lady preacher in the Society of Friends, and was then traveling in America, holding meetings in various places as a minister of the Gospel. One day, driving through a certain village, she felt strongly impressed with the feeling that it would be right for her to hold a meeting there. The gentleman, at whose house she was staying, feared there was no building large enough for the purpose, but he made several enquiries, and eventually asked leave of the Methodist minister for the use of his chapel on the occasion.

The worthy minister did not like the idea of a lady preacher, but he said he would consult the deacons and some other members of his church, which he accordingly did.

There was some hesitation, until a young lawyer got up and said aside to some of those present, "Let the lady have it, I will take care she cannot preach, I will stare her out of countenance!"

Notice of the meeting was subsequently given, and knowledge of the of the evil intention of the young man spread also, in consequence of which crowds came to the chapel to see, as they said, "the fun."

The lady, meanwhile, ignorant of the young man's premeditated pastime, arrived at the place at the time of the appointment, and when she rose to speak was aware of a smile that passed over the entire assembly; but utterly at a loss to understand its cause, she quietly put it down to something in her own appearance, and the probable unusual sight of a lady occupying the pulpit.

At the moment of her rising she observed a young man seated directly opposite, rise too, and fix his eyes steadily upon her. Thinking he was deaf, she raised her voice that he might hear, and earnestly addressed him; then, forgetting all but the one absorbing theme of her Gospel ministry, she preached Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.

During all this time the young man continued to stand. After the lady had concluded her sermon she knelt in prayer, and still fearing that the young man would not hear, she went as near as she could to the place where he was standing, that her voice might the better reach his ear.

At the conclusion of the meeting the lady hurried down from the pulpit, and shaking hands with the young man, said loud to him, "I perceive thou art deaf!"

"No, Madame," he exclaimed in an agonized tone, "I am not deaf, I heard every word you said!"

In a moment it flashed across the lady's mind that his rude manner had been assumed on purpose with the object of creating diversion, and she addressed him very solemnly upon his conduct, in the presence of many of the congregation, who stayed behind to listen. The company then dispersed, and the young man quietly withdrew to his own home.

Time passed on, and the meeting and the circumstances of it were forgotten; when, some years later, at a Wesleyan conference, held in some other part of America, this lady, being known to be in town, received an invitation to attend one of the meetings of the conference, which she accepted.

After addressing the meeting, and when it was about to break up, a young man came up to her, and shaking hands, said, "You do not remember me?"

"No," said she, "I do not!" He replied, "I am the young man who endeavored once to stare you out of countenance at a meeting when you spoke so forcibly to me;" and went on to say, "That was the bitterest pill I ever had to swallow. Long after that meeting, when I was out into the village the boys would shout after me, 'I perceive thou art deaf!'"

In my humiliation and distress with the words addressed to me, I eventually gave up the law, joined the Wesleyan body, with the view of preparing for the ministry as you see me now."

In this true story, related in the presence of the writer and the lady herself, we see one of many instances in which God permits the evil designs of men to be frustrated—and not only frustrated, but to rebound to their eternal gain—as in the case of this young lawyer, who, it might truly be said, "went to scoff, but remained to pray."

EDITH M. WALKER.

January, 1881.

# FANWOOD.

## Articulation vs. Signs

## SWEEPINGS, ETC.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Navigation on the Hudson seems to be open for the season. While looking out of the windows Tuesday, we saw a Poughkeepsie steamer "plowing" her way across the raging main." But as yet the river is not entirely free from ice, and now and then huge fields come floating down.

The walking craze has struck this Institution, and the small boy as well as the big boy may be seen tramping round a track—100 laps to the mile—at all hours of the day when not engaged with study or work. The manner in which the ambitious pedestrian goes is queer. First he starts on a mad run, as if he was pursued by the evil one, then he suddenly slows down to a walk, which he keeps up until a rival attempts to pass him, when the mad gallop is resumed until both give in.

Three old graduates visited us during the past week. They were Mr. Housel, J. H. Penrose and Alfred Emmens.

Foot ball has been played every evening since the beginning of the week. No regular games were played, "scrubbing" being the principal feature.

Mr. Hodgson's editorial in last week's issue of the JOURNAL, about the encouragement pupils receive here to read, hits the nail on the head, and we think we could add a few remarks. Besides the books the pupils are enabled to procure, several of them subscribe for outside papers, chief among which is the old and reliable *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, and nearly all get papers from home, and in their search for home news they of course do a great deal of reading. The average deaf-mute could never get along with such books as the "Murder of the Bloody Gulch," etc., as they are generally so stuffed with slang and other outlandish terms, that they would give up the attempt before reading the first line.

A ventilator has been erected in the boys' playground over the tunnel, through which the steam pipes run from the boiler house to the main building. It is similar in construction to the one erected in the garden some time ago. It was made by the boys of the carpenter shop, and is 15 feet high.

## SWEEPINGS.

On Tuesday, the 22d inst., the members of the first division of the High Class "did



Correspondence.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

GETTING READY.

ENLARGING THE CAMPUS.

LITERARY EXERCISES.

THE GYM.

VARIOUS PARAGRAPHS.

With five more days to perpare for the quarterly ordeal, known as examinations, the students are doing their level best to keep up to the required standard. For the old hands, this is nothing very difficult, having long since got over the novelty of such affairs. From the number that passed at the last examination, it is safe to assume that even the younger students, at least a majority of them, will be able to make a good showing. The weather is quite favorable for preparation, a pouring rain being the attraction out of doors. However, the attraction is not sufficient to tempt many of us out, and being perforce obliged to remain at home, study naturally occupies our attention. Yet, there are but few, if any, who do not entertain a wish that the task was over, for no matter how well prepared a person may be, the idea of three hours of examinations for three days in succession, is anything but pleasant. But the inevitable must be met, and the battle over, the victory will be enjoyed to better advantage.

The coming summer months will doubtless witness several useful improvements in the well kept grounds surrounding the college buildings. Besides other changes that are to be made, there is a rumor that the President entertains a project of fronting the main building. On account of the unfavorable condition of the ground, only a small strip of the large tract has been available for exercise. This portion presents a beautiful appearance in the summer months, with its well kept lawns and rolling surface. It is intended that the whole square will be laid out in the same manner. It is this plan is carried out, a roomy and pleasant exercise ground will be afforded. At present we have no cause for complaining of our exercise grounds, as they are unequalled in extent and beauty of arrangement. The only trouble is their location, which is not as convenient as the campus mentioned above. We trust the rumor regarding the change is true, as something should be done to improve the condition of the larger part of the grounds between Faculty and College Rows.

THE LITERARY EXERCISES

of the Lit last evening were the last of the present term, under the management of the present board of officers. The well arranged programme opened with a brilliant essay by Mr. Donaldson, '85, on "Ireland," which was delivered in excellent signs. Following this was a debate on, "Resolved, That a bad book is more pernicious than a bad companion." Upon the Affirmative side, Messrs. Hans, '84, and Drake, '84, gave a number of strong arguments to uphold their opinions, while the Negative, represented by Veditz, '84, and Morrow, '85, were equally as liberal in the presentation of their case. After proper consideration of the arguments, the judges awarded the debate to the Negative side. A scene from Shakespeare's "Hamlet," entitled "Hamlet and the Ghost," was given by Messrs. Schory, '81 and Saxton, '82, and the exercises closed with an appropriate declamation by Mr. Morley, '86, entitled "Good Night."

As the world goes along, so

THE GYM

approaches its completion. Seen in its present state, an idea of its size can easily be formed, and that is quite favorable. The carpenters are at present busy on the windows and panelings, and though the work goes on slowly it is nevertheless sure in its progress. Already sighs are escaping the graduating class as they view the edifice, and it is evident that they half regret their "going forth." Just as the Gym is being completed. Yet the world will give plenty of room for gymnastics of all sorts, and, doubtless, they will win honors in other fields as well as they have here.

CHILDS.

This year, Commencement Day falls on May 4th.

Spring is coming. So are the baby carriages.

The new method of playing football forms excellent sport.

The Seniors are hunting up subjects for their commencement orations.

If the Easter vacation lasts long enough, a party of students will camp out at the Great Falls of the Potomac.

Among the periodicals on file in the Reading Room are the *North American Review*, *The Princeton Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Harper's Monthly*, *The Atlantic*, *Scribner's* and *The Nation*. Guess no Institution can beat that list.

The trees on the grounds are put-

ting forth new shoots, and give us the hope that the winter is over. Now if Vennor will retire, the hare and bound club, the base ball club, and the college in general will give him a vote of thanks.

LESTER MONTROSE.  
KENDALL GREEN, March 19, 1881.

"COLUMBUS"

GLEANING GATHERED HERE AND THERE—DEATH BY THE "SURE AND SHORTEST ROUTE."

Among the visitors at the Institution this week were Mr. and Mrs. Swartztrauber, of Dayton, who have a son at school here. From a conversation with Mr. S., it seems that F. Mettenberger has not only been plying his old game of obtaining money from deaf-mutes, but also from hearing persons, especially from those who have deaf mute children.

About a year ago, Mettenberger came to Mr. Swartztrauber and after telling him that his prospects for starting up a deaf-mute school in some part of the State were very flattering, and if he had a few dollars to meet certain expenses necessary for its accomplishment, success in having the school established would surely follow, requested a loan of \$30.

Mr. S. had not the requisite amount at hand, but promised to aid him at some future time. Mettenberger, however, came around every few days and being put off at each visit, finally went to a bank and filled out a check for \$30, which he brought to Mr. S. to sign. Mr. S. having no idea of the fellow's manners, and thinking him honest placed his name upon the paper and the rest is soon told. Mettenberger got the money, and of course Mr. S. is that much the poorer off. He has not put in an appearance at Dayton since, and probably were never do so, or if he does, things will be made hot for him, we opine.

After all there are some advantages in being deaf. Down in *Arkansas* (not Arkansas, as the Legislature has recently changed the name) the Iron Horse is less to be seen than out here, and thence traveling is mostly done by the stage coach. Near Eureka Springs, recently, as one of the stages, full of people, was passing along the road, it was stopped by armed men, and the occupants, the male portion of them, ordered to come out. One of them was deaf, and of course paid no attention to the demand and the robbers did not seem to care, though on his person he carried \$2,500 secured in a belt. The robbers searched the two men that came out, and from them they only obtained \$5, in money, a silver watch and a pocket knife.

Frank Bradford, the first colored pupil of the institution, met with a terrible death last Wednesday afternoon at Newark, Ohio, his home. Cause—the old story, walking on the railroad track. Both of his legs were taken off above the knees. He graduated from the institution some years ago, and has since been living in Newark, where he was much liked by the citizens. He was 27 years old at the time of his death.

Mr. Sessions, of this city, is in receipt of a letter from Mr. Perry, which was dated at St. Thomas' where he and Mrs. Perry are in quarantine, owing to small pox on the island. Mr. Perry has no strong hopes of getting to Jamaica, and the opinion here is that he will return to the city in the course of a few weeks.

One of the teachers, Miss Bierce, was called to Cleveland, Sunday, to attend the funeral of her brother George, who had committed suicide in Chicago.

The deaf-mute lady preying upon the benevolence of the Chicago people, mentioned by "J. E. G." in last week's *JOURNAL*, by going around selling alphabet cards, we think is J. E. G. Davis in disguise. We had occasion, not long ago, to make notice of a similar way in which some one was getting money here, and we have since been informed that Davis was in Columbus about the time the card made its appearance, though he did not peddle it himself—having a woman to do it for him.

Mr. Charles H. Rice, of last year's class, was in the city this week, and says the paper of which he is chief owner is doing finely. Mr. Stevenson, also of the same class, is working in his office as a compositor, earning fair wages.

Mr. John Ryn, one of the finest players the Independents ever had, is also in the city, visiting his sister who works in the bindery, and is, by the way, one of the best and fastest workers of her class, employed there.

Mr. L. D. Waite has been sent by the Commissioners of this county to Lancaster to transcribe certain records for them.

The old gas fixtures in the boys' study have given way to reflecte chandlers, each having a half dozen or more burners. They are placed near the ceiling, are lighted and extinguished by the night watchman.

The light given off by these is better and more steady.

Samuel Taylor, a mute Chromo pedler, has been about here this week. Said he received his education at the Penn. Inst., and had also been connected with the National Deaf-Mute College.

Mr. Wm. Sutcliffe educated in a Canada Institution, but living in Toledo, this State, was here for a couple of days. He is a cigar-maker by occupation, and came down to see if he could not secure employment in this city. He was not successful, and we are told he has gone to Dayton, hoping to find work there.

COLUMBUS.  
3-19-'81.

WITTICISMS.

Good, Bad & Indifferent

BY MR. WHY.

THEY SAY THAT—  
This is a queer world.  
Spring is dillydallying in the lap of Winter too long.  
Codman, of Illinois, was the fattest student.  
I. Leib, of Ohio, is the shortest and sleepest.  
Saxton, of N. Y., is the longest and handsomest, and thinks that with a little coaxing his monstache will be a daisy yet.  
Reid, of Nebraska, goes to bed with his cane.  
Talking about the weather denotes a sap head.  
Jim Park, of Ohio, can not afford to smile more than once a month.  
Donnell, of Washington, vows he would not return to "single cussedness" for five cents.  
The branches of Rev. Job Turner's genealogical tree reach back to one of the first fellows who cooled his heels on Plymouth Rock.  
Chapin, of W. Va., has an eye on an O double R.  
Veditz, of Maryland, never goes near a fire, but warms his hands in his capillary thatch.  
Kiesel, of Delaware, blinks through the ruins of the same pair of spectacles that Ben. Franklin did—pity he can't see things as the old man did.  
The arms of Tommy Lynch, of Ill., are so long that he can pick up a pin from the floor without stooping!  
In ascending the hill of prosperity you would rather not meet a friend coming down.  
P. Shakespeare Morley, of Pa., thinks he looks like the immortal William—we don't.  
Callahan, of Pa., winks too much with his eye.  
Whenever young ladies learn to stick a pin in their apron strings so that it will not scratch a fellow's wrist there will be more marriages.  
Schofield, of Ky., says "I know" on an average of sixty-two times a day—wise man that.  
Doughtery, of Mo., goes to bed every night in fear and trembling, for he firmly believes that the world is coming to an end in 1881, and he is afraid he may wake up some fine morning and find that it has departed to parts unknown, leaving him solitary and alone.  
The eyes of Jeffords, of Ind., look as if he cries himself to sleep every night!—what is the matter, sonny?  
February is a singularly fatal month for students.  
We are a mule!—Very well, let us see what we can emulate in the mule. O! Aw! we have it—it is very backward in deeds of violence.  
The ambition of Souweine, of N. Y., is to be the president of the Manhattan L. A.  
Spear, of Minn., dresses "to please Mr. Spear only"—sensible fellow, that.  
Harry White, of Mass., shuts his eyes so tight when he laughs that there is no getting them open for a week after—better be careful.  
Shaw, of Ohio, can smile a mile a minute.  
Griffin, of Washington, could capture anything within eleven yards of first base with his long arms and colossal paws—sorry he is gone.  
The "boys" requested President Gallaudet not to ladle out candy to them last Christmas—reason: they think they ain't babies, and are sweet enough without.  
Miss Fuller is collecting statistics of the number of female cherubs who are dying to go to college—give us names and localities, not dry "figgers" please.  
A great many people treat religion as if it was an umbrella—only useful on rainy days, and then every body wants it.  
"Renville" is a nice young man—but we are afraid he fractured the ninth commandment slightly when he said he knew who the writer of this is,—we don't walk into any traps, Ren.  
"Liz" broke the above commandment into fourteen pieces when she said she had a private communication from us, and that we looked "infernally solemn." Our better half (just found out that we had one) don't allow us to write private communications to young (?) ladies by the name of "Liz," Lib, Elizabeth or any other handle.  
We owe "Rusticus" one for making fun of our "noblest efforts" and calling us a "heathen," but we have some consolation, for hath not "Little Rep." the darling, said that we are a Christian? We forgive you this time, Rusty, but will caueus with "Little Rep." hereafter.  
It is *Professor* White now! Goodness gracious! Harry, ain't you ashamed to train in that crowd? Why, the man—he had shoulders as broad as the map of Texas, legs as long as that of Rhode Island, a head like a full moon, and a neck as long as from here to no-where—who taught us the geometrical fact that a straight line is shorter than a curved one, and, consequently, the shortest route by which

our "bunch of fives," can reach the other fellow's proboscis is a line straight from the shoulder; who showed us how to stop well meant "left-handers," and how "to counter" on the other fellow's "potato-trap" was a "Professor." The other day we had a big corn, which we had nursed long and tenderly, and were loth to part with, pulled up by the roots and a "Professor" did it! Soon the terrific bray of the lion and the mellifluous roar of the jackass will be heard in the land; the gorgeously painted circus wagons will wend their devious way o'er the sea; and then you can any day, for fifty cents, (good money, no counterfeit taken) see six of one and half a dozen of another kind of "Professors" stand on their heads, ride bare-back or tailward, turn triple somersaults and make idiotic grimaces and genuflections to a gaping crowd—and he who does it worst, is counted the best "Professor" of them all! The man who teaches your sweetheart how to "trip the light fantastic toe," for your edification and delight, is also a "Professor." to your mule wants his toes pared, a "Professor" will do it for him. Ugh! Harry, I would not tack "Professor" to my name. Not for six rex dollars. Not if I knew myself. I think plain Mr. is good enough for me, and a great deal more respectable. Time was when the title of "Professor" meant something, but that time has turned and gone back. It makes me blush to the tips of my hair and the roots of my toes to see so many mutes the moment they step into their pedagogical shoes, make a frantic grab for the title of "Professor" and carefully and complacently pin it to their coat tails. You are a young man, Harry, just starting on your career. Take the advice of one who is your friend; who is older than you, (probably more than six weeks) who has lived long enough in this world to find out that all such things are "vanities" that do not amount to a row of pins, and drop "Professor" like a hot brick, and do not take it up again until you have earned it or have an undisputed right to it; until you can *confer* honor upon the title, and not even then if you see more fools than wise men wearing it, for it is as plain as a pikestaff that the title itself confers honor upon no man.

Bric A Brac.

Sharp—"Do you believe there are any people who never heard *Old Hundred*?" asked a musical young lady at the family table. "Lots of folks never heard it," said the precious younger brother. "Where are they, I should like to know?" was asked. "In the deaf and dumb asylums!"

Well, yes, "Rusticus," we've been *sold* once or twice, but you can't *sell* us any to speak of now. "Been there before." And so you've found out who "Columbus," the "Judge," and *we* are, have you?

The story—"Jean Glendower," in the issue of March 10th, was too splendid, we're sorry it was not concluded in the next. Speaking of love stories reminds us that "our kind" seldom produce any. *Why don't they?* We've queried often and often. We know of only one instance. That of Miss Lizzie McComb (Elm). We came across little bits of romance, from her pen in the "Ladies Home Journal," and never saw anything more original, or "delightfully entertaining." Her "Paul de Pompeii" and "Madame's sick son" were just too funny. In fact, her stories are all very fine. She is going to make a brilliant writer, some of these days, being "original" in her style. Wish it were us. If we only had "a plentiful supply" in that receptacle called a head, we would just make our falcon pen go until we won laurel wreaths of fame. Byron says—

"What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill,  
A certain portion of uncertain paper;  
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,  
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapor;  
For this man write, speak, preach, and heroes  
And bards burn what they call their 'midnight  
taper,'  
To have, when the original is dust,  
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust."

Young also says—

"What so foolish as the chase of fame?  
How vain the prize! How impotent our aim!  
For what are men, who grasp at praise sublime,  
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time.  
That rise and fall, that swell and are no more,  
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour?"

Again, some other "lofty bard" says—

"What is glory, what is fame?  
The long lost echo of a name."

We must own we don't understand it, nor never did, but then we were always and *are* "faultily" stupid to-night.

The sweet girl graduates (that are to be) are sore perplexed over Satin de Lyon, heliotrope, old gold, Nile green, pale pink, sky blue, and all the numerous "satin de" and "brocade" suitable for commencement exercises.

In the spring the gentle maidens, think of how they'll look their best, and the young men seek their nudes, and redeem their marcellus rest.

Miss Shroyer's elegant *soloist*, is the envy of the neighborhood.

Mrs. Dr. MacIntire is visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. C. Foster.

Banker Webb's daughter, Katie, has recovered from her late attack of typhoid, and will return April 1st.

Miss Lowe's mother is snugly *fixed* up at No. 304 Ash street, Nice street, lovely home.

Little Pat Sullivan's fall from a "lofty height" in the barn, has cost him dear. He now carries a bandaged forehead, a plastered upper-lip, and is minus three or four incisors.

MIXON.  
INDIANAPOLIS, March 17, 1881.

Mr. White Explains.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—In your editorial of this week, you took occasion to criticize two points that I made in my article upon the habit of reading as cultivated among our class. In one of these points, it was more a matter of pleasure than regret to me to find that there is one institution at least which takes so deep an interest in forming a habit of reading among its pupils. It is a step in the right direction. I shall be glad to find myself mistaken in regard to all other institutions. My knowledge upon this matter is not limited to the one institution where I was taught, as you said. I have been, for several years, in a position to know that whereof I spoke concerning institutions in general. However, as I said before, I shall be glad to find myself mistaken, if that is possible.

But, my hasty and choleric friend, when you intimate that I am in favor of such works of fiction as "pervert the mind and dwarf the intellect," and are hurtful to the moral character," you are saying a little too much. You put me in a position which is so contrary to all my known opinions and inclinations, that I can help but wonder whence you derived that expression. No one has ever entertained a more thorough contempt for this debasing kind of literature than myself. The "yellow cover" never had any attractions for me; on the contrary, I turned away from it, if not with disgust, at least with a feeling akin to it. After four years of schooling at Hartford, I began to read Scott, because such works were more congenial to my tastes. If you will turn to page 102 of the *American Annals* of April, 1879, you will find my opinion upon this subject, expressed as follows: "But there are, of course, some kinds of reading-matter to be shunned; dime novels that have a tendency to excite the imagination to undue bounds, and give a false color to everything in life; and those books that tend to corrupt the morals and weaken the principles of the young. Only upon works like these, may parents or teachers exercise their authority in the matter of choice." Here is my opinion fully expressed, and I am at loss to conjecture how any one could possibly have obtained a different impression from my last article, unless it be that the tone or spirit of my words were not fully apprehended, and a too literal meaning given to them.

Did I recommend such books as "The Murder of Bloody Gulch," and the like? I am not aware that I did. The language that I used, may more, the very words themselves, enclosed with quotation marks, would sufficiently indicate upon a more careful perusal, the half-jesting spirit with which I used them. I stated what is a fact, that there are several very intelligent and well-respected deaf-mutes who date the time of their improvement to the day their attention was first attracted towards a dime novel. But what I maintain, and have always maintained, is that all novels are not to be ostracised because there are a few which have a bad tendency.

Yours respectfully,  
HARRY WHITE.

New Ideas and New Processes of Fine Arts Being Shown by Mr. Marcus H. Kerr, the Mute Artist of Michigan.

Every now and again the study of the fine arts in Jackson, Michigan, receives a fresh impetus from the accession of new blood from abroad. Those who have studied in the leading schools and galleries of the Old World, including New York and Rochester, and who have had all the advantages that can be derived from tuition the most thorough and profound, take up their abode in Jackson and Detroit—in many cases bringing with them new ideas and new processes—and as a matter of course, exercise a powerful influence for good upon the development of native talent. Some mute visitors who have met with many such instances, added another to their list in connection with a visit they paid to Mr. Marcus H. Kerr's Studio of Fine Arts, No. 110 Elm Ave., and also the studio of Mr. Le Clear, the oldest firm, who has employed and depended upon him for seven years and paid a splendid salary. The mute concerned is Marcus H. Kerr, of culture and brilliant talent. Mr. Kerr has studied the fine arts in Paris, and in New York and Rochester, under the instruction in arts of Adam Springfield, the most renowned artist and he came to Jackson with a prestige already founded. At his studio he undertakes the production of portraits both from life and from photograph, in black, white India ink, color pastel, oil, etc. He has introduced a new style of picture in dry colors which is termed *alla fresco*, and the visitors saw a very fine portrait in this style of Miss Hughes, of Philadelphia, an actress. This portrait is life-like, as every one admits who sees it and who knows the original. In crayon and India ink work, there was noticed a very fine example of his lady's head, and in fact the studio and parlor is full of magnificent pieces of work. Any one can see that he is bound to make it a great success. It is most handsomely decorated and arranged and the works of art that catch the eye of the visitors and other features at once impress one with the idea that the studio and parlor are in very truth an abode of art.

MRS. BROWN.

GOTHAM.

The Manhattan Literary Association.

ITS ANNUAL EXCURSION.

The Committee.

A Suggestion.

SQUIBS, ETC.

Among the mutes hereabouts, for the past fortnight, things have been decidedly dull. No stirring lectures have enlivened the meetings of the Manhattan Literary Association. The so-called International Walking Match, at first created some talk, but before it was three days old it had disappeared with disgust strongly stamped in its face.

At the meeting on the 10th inst., the "Lit" gave feeble signs of life. It was but shyly attended, and would have been wholly devoid of interest had not some members who had "great expectations," and consequently were on the "anxious seat," brought up the subject of the

ANNUAL EXCURSION.

This awoke all and created some good-natured excitement. Upon a motion, the president and president-elect were authorized to appoint a committee of arrangements to consist of seven members. They put their heads together and named the following gentlemen to serve as such

COMMITTEE

Wilkinson, (Chairman), Ekardt, Schloss, Heinzman, Klingman, Diamond and Campbell. For some unknown reason, Mr. W. declined to serve on the committee. In his place several names were mentioned, but no definite action was taken, the subject being tabled until the next meeting. On the 17th inst., a

LAUGHABLE DEBATE

took place before the association on the following question, "Which is the most useful, Fire or Water?" Messrs. Souweine and Campbell stood up for the former; Klingman and Hoffman for the latter. Both sides made a few good points, but in a manner which plainly said the question had received little thought from those who handled it. While the hair-splitting and side-splitting arguments were flying about thick and fast, the venerable John Carlin entered the room, and when the youngsters had "done," made a few interesting remarks. The *debated business* of the last meeting was then taken up.

Considerable dissatisfaction had been found with the committee on excursion, (or at least part of it) it was therefore resolved to reconstruct it by dropping Messrs. Heinzman and Diamond (Klingman having previously resigned from it) and appointing Messrs. Esch, Stein and Reynolds, in their places. One of these last mentioned members desired to be excused, but his reasons were considered "no good," so he had to stick.

To make the excursion the equal, if not the superior of any which the association has held, should be aim of every member. We have the distinguished honor of being connected with it, and as such believe that a suggestion or two from us will not be out of order. The association, in years past, has been in the habit of holding its excursions within a few miles of this city. This time, for a change, would it not be just as well to hire some fast steamer of the "Shady Side" or "Sylvan Dell" type, and take a long sail up the majestic Hudson, either to that

HISTORICAL SPOT.

West Point, or the renowned Iona Island. At the former place is the famous U. S. Military Academy with its numerous objects of interest, while the latter is one of the best picnic grounds we have ever seen, and are sure that if the association goes there, its members will find it all they could desire. To be sure, such a long sail up the "American Rhine" will cost more than the association has usually paid, consequently, if it does as well as in former years, its profits will be correspondingly decreased. But what of that? It has plenty of lure in its treasury, while in its members, however wise they may be, there is mentally always of lots of room for improvement. There is, hardly, any thing of the kind which would prove of more benefit to them. The grandeur of the scenery of the noble Hudson would furnish a healthy theme of conversation for months afterwards. He who has once by day-light sailed

up this magnificent river will not soon be apt to forget the wonderful works of God which he had seen. On one hand lofty mountains greet our gaze; on the other high hills, in the valleys of which nestle thriving towns and villages. Here the river is so narrow that it looks extremely doubtful whether the boat can safely keep on; now it widens until, in size, it is majestic; such is the ever-varying scene.

It would also be well for the association to offer suitable prizes to be competed for and voted upon by all over eight years of age. For the gentlemen there could be an impromptu boat race; for the ladies, handsome bouquets could be offered, the first and second respectively, to the most intelligent and the most beautiful under twenty-five years of age; the third for some qualifications to be hereafter named, by those above that age.

SQUIBS.

It is a shame that the M. L. A. cannot hold its meetings without being interrupted by the too openly made signs of non-members. A number of them are in the habit of attending the meetings, and while sitting in the back seats carry on a conversation which, however interesting to themselves, is not so to others. They should either be *compelled* to keep quiet or leave the room. It was not long ago, while a certain gentleman was delivering a lecture before the association that one of these non-members sat on the back of his seat, thus obstructing the view of others. When commanded by the ushers to seat himself properly, he made a great outcry and threatened "to put a head on them." This same person created quite a disturbance at the meeting on the 17th inst. We think it high time the association asserted its dignity and *debarred all such troublesome fellows from its rooms.*

Would it not be well for our Pennsylvania brethren to hold their Convention just before or after that of the Empire State Convention. There may be some who will stend one and would also like to attend the other, but could not do so unless both were held the same week.

Years ago, when the *Silent World* flourished, one of its correspondents, under the *non-de-plume* of "Cal—," discussed matters pertaining to the Clero Memorial with a vim: he *it was* who made the dominating *sh*. shake in his boots; and he IT is who recently contributed to the deaf-mute press an article headed: "Trades are the best." We knew, or at least suspected, it was you from the first. Here's our hand, old boy. Shake.

Mr. Geo. Schmidt, late Sergeant-at-Arms of the M. L. A., will shortly sail for Europe to remain a few months.

AMERICUS.

March 19, 1881.

MINNESOTA NEWS AND FACTS.

Pleasant weather has come around and bids fair to stay with us most of the time. But we will have a flood soon that will be second only to the one that kept Noah floating on an ark.

The pupils had another social on Saturday, the 5th. It proved one of the most enjoyable ones of the term. But we will have only three more this term.

The fire brigade will soon be divided into sub-divisions and will meet on the first Saturday of each month.

Mrs. D. H. C. went to St. Paul some time ago to visit her sister.

There was a party somewhere in this Institution on the 26th ult., in honor of some one. We haven't learned what.

The girls are learning to dance, and succeed well; the boys never learn to do anything and also do very well. A very successful community.

The Right Honorable and Reverend Gentleman, Knudt Thompson, has procured a pair of spectacles. He is happy now.

So "Mr. Why" declares that he has crept into his hole again after accomplishing his purpose. Well, if he has accomplished anything, it must be that he has succeeded in making 25 persons mad, as many more crazy, and has led 75 to form the habit of swearing—perhaps mostly at him. He would meet with a very pleasant reception from several of our professors if he would pay us a visit. Now, "Mr. Why" please crawl out of your hole once more and inform us what your purpose was crawling out of it in the beginning.

Lester Montrose seems to be stuffing too many literary society notes and a great deal of grammar into his letters. We would be thankful if he would give us some lively items now and then, for they are not very scarce where he lives.

From the decisions of the judges at the meetings of the Literary Society at the College, it appears that it is best not to get married, and that women have just as much brains as men. If the latter fact is true, you had better follow the former or else get licked in every dispute over your chickens, and come out second best in a broom-handle attack. But in our opinion the judges have very little sense.

RENVILLE.

Poverty is like a panther—look it earnestly in the face and it will turn from you.

Friendship often acts like magnetism, in which contrary states attract, and similar repel.



# CINCINNATI.

## Grubbings Here and There.

The weather has been—but never mind.

Last Sunday afternoon, a respectfully sized audience greeted Rev. Mr. Mann, and he delivered an able lecture on the duty of joining the church. On this occasion, the youngest child of the writer was baptized and christened Robert Lee—named after his uncle, Robert D. Lee. Also Mrs. Hoagland was baptized. She and some others will be confirmed by Bishop Jaggar, on the 24th of April next.

Among those present from abroad were Mr. and Mrs. Cortez Fitch. They were on their way from Lewis county, Ky., to Sedgewick county, Kansas, where they will settle. Mr. Fitch was educated at the Danville school, and is a fine looking stalwart. His wife was Miss Phillips, and received her education at Indianapolis.

Miss Nellie Gilhans, a young miss, fell down on the ice on Elm street last week, and broke her arm. She was removed to the City Hospital, where she is now rapidly recovering.

John Long is going to quit working in the shoe factory in April, and will go to live on a farm about twenty miles from Newport.

Thomas Lawson, of Campbell county, Ky., was presented, two weeks ago, by his wife with a bouncing baby-boy. He is the brother of Mrs. John Long and Mrs. John Lane.

John Breen has been much advertised. His name had been used by other persons in different parts, and he is going to copyright his name, and anybody using it will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. He is quite indignant.

The A. D. M. F. S. is anxious to interview "Liebstein, of New York," whoever he is. They would be thankful, and ask no impertinent questions, if he will return that \$25 he got away with and which belongs to the Society. But the most heinous crime he is guilty of (in the minds of the newspaper men) is that he borrowed a DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL from Max Morgenthau, and has not returned it yet.

A friend at my elbow wants to know what is the difference between a "Sinner" and a "Christian?" He thinks all Christians are born sinners. "Little Rep." says Mr. Why is a Christian. We agree with her, but is he not a sinner also?

### A MOTHER'S COMPLAINT AGAINST HER SON.

Chas. Champlin, living at No. 537 W. Eighth street, was arrested yesterday on complaint of his mother, who thought he had been stealing from her. During the evening, Mrs. Champlin called at the Station-house and said she had found the articles supposed to have been stolen by her son, and asked that he be released. As Champlin was arrested by order of Chief Carson, he was not released.

The above is clipped from the Cincinnati Enquirer of 13th inst. Champlin is a mute about sixteen years old. He was expelled from the Institution at Columbus last year for general cussedness, and has been in the House of Refuge here for several months, but it appears his mother made a mistake that time.

SERVED HIM RIGHT! HE OUGHT TO BE THORPE.

Charles D. Thorpe is a semi-mute who resides in Covington, Ky. The other day, there came a rap at his door, and his wife admitted a forlorn-looking specimen of the genus homo, who handed her a paper, the purport of which was that the bearer, Beauregard—was a deaf-mute, whose mother was an old, deaf, dumb and blind, and that he was a worthy object of the aid of the charity, inclined. It was signed by the officers of the Cincinnati Society of Associated Charities. Mrs. Thorpe admitted him and called Mr. Thorpe, who kindly asked him to take a seat, and then questioned him by spelling on his fingers, but the fellow gave no sign. Then he used signs, but with no better result, whereupon Mr. T. came to the conclusion that he was a fraud—and told him to leave, which he did. Mr. T. followed him at a distance till he entered a saloon, when he called a policeman and had him arrested. On being searched at the station, the petition above mentioned and a bright new cent were all that were found upon him. Next day he was arraigned before the Police Court, Mr. T. appearing as witness, and given thirty days in the work-house. If every mute who comes across such frauds would do as Mr. Thorpe did, we would hear less of them.

The following, together with the comments, were taken from the Buffalo (New York) correspondence in the American Israelite, the leading Jewish journal published in Cincinnati:

"Our customs of tolerating traveling beggars is at last bearing its legitimate fruits. Last week a deaf and dumb Jew went around to various good and charitable people with a letter stating his condition and asking alms. He succeeded in getting sums of money ranging as high as two dollars from some. A few days after, our vigilant police arrested a pretended deaf and dumb man as a vagrant. His powers of speech and hearing returned quickly enough in the awful presence of our Police Justice, when it turned out that he was no Jew,

though on his person was found a list of various Jewish families whom he had visited or intended to visit. Some measures should be taken to prevent indiscriminate charity to wandering schnorrers, or we shall be imposed upon often by the paupers of the community.

March 7, 1881.

"Last week I gave you an account of a deaf and dumb beggar who had victimized various citizens of this city. His case had hardly been disposed of when another character turned up, who had been playing the same dodge.

On Friday, March 4th, a boy, about seventeen years of age, called on Mr. L. Marens at his store on Washington Street, and exhibited a letter, stating that his name was Adolf Cohn, that he was deaf and dumb and in need of aid. He also showed Mr. Marens another letter addressed to the Rev. Dr. Sonneschein, of St. Louis, and the general public, which was written on a letter-head of the Congregation of Louisville, signed by Messrs. Gerstle and Maas, of that city, and to which were attached the seal of the relief societies of Louisville and St. Louis. Everything appearing straight, Mr. Marens gave the boy some money, and sent him to Mr. L. Warner, President of the benevolent society, who gave him more money and a railroad ticket to Rochester. A little while after the youth had left, a Christian gentleman came to Mr. Marens' store and told him that he had assisted a young man on the train from the West who had represented that he was deaf and dumb and had not tasted food for twenty-four hours; that he had seen this same person, on the arrival of the train here, purchase a package of cigarettes at the newsstand in the depot and had heard him inquire for Mr. Marens' address. Mr. Marens hurried to the depot at once, and found the fellow aboard the East-bound train, smoking a cigarette. He called the worthy from the car, and accused him of being an impostor. With the utmost prudence, the boy proceeded to hunt for his pencil and paper that he might discover what Mr. Marens was saying. Unable longer to restrain his anger, Mr. Marens slapped the fellow's face. That settled it. Begging for mercy, our deaf-mute proceeded to tell a piteous tale, doubtless made to order for the occasion. He was arrested, and his letters sent to their writers.

It seems very queer that this precious lad was so able to draw the wool over the eyes of two Louisville gentlemen and various St. Louis parties that they gave him a letter of recommendation to the public in general. They should be more cautious in the future. There is no telling how much money and other assistance he would have obtained on the strength of this letter, had not his scheme been so opportunely discovered. Once more do I repeat that some means of suppressing our traveling beggars should be adopted. We can no longer help persons who appear destitute and whom we neither know or trust. It is a crying evil. It must be reformed. Concerted action should be taken immediately. It is within the province of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, let it take action. If not, the benevolent societies of the different cities should co-operate to put an end to wandering schnorrers.

MERCURY.

March, 19, 1881.

### News from Michigan.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—MARCUS H. KERR, the only first-class mute artist of Jackson, is going to pay Detroit a visit. He will leave Jackson on Friday, the 18th inst., and will be back on Monday following. It is learned that Mr. Kerr is intending to move to Detroit, which will be an unfortunate thing for the mutes of Jackson, as they will be separated from one of their best friends. The mutes of Jackson wish him a happy journey.

Michigan has a giant mute; he lives in Detroit. Boston has a giant mute, who graduated from the Michigan Institution. The Detroit giant is handsome looking, and Michigan is proud, as it has many fine looking mutes. The Detroit giant has invited "Ambassador" to visit his city this week. "Ambassador" could not accept the invitation on account of being very busy. When there will be an opportunity, "Ambassador" will be glad to pay Detroit a long visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, have been visiting their friends at Jonesville, and some other town, last week. They were disappointed not to meet Mr. Holland, of Jonesville.

One of the mute tailors of Jackson, says that he does not eat much of his supper, as the eggs are dear in that city, costing fifty cents per dozen. He loves to eat sweet cakes which are made from eggs, and he always swallows raw eggs. If any mute farmers in Michigan have eggs to sell, and give the tailor notice, they can obtain cash for all they have to sell.

Newa came to "Ambassador" a few days ago, and is as follows: "Mr. Charles Priest, the chromo peddler, of Grand Rapids, was in Manchester, Mich., a few weeks ago, begging money under false pretenses. He told the neighbors of that town, that he was very poor and had a wife and two small children, and all were starving and some one handed him one dollar." Here, the peddler has not any children living with him in Grand Rapids, he has only a wife. It is a shame for him to say such a lie to strangers. It is said that Charles Priest, the peddler passed Jackson on his way from Manchester, Mich., and the mutes of Jackson did not see

him on his way, but were told so by a citizen. Mr. Priest must have known that he would be insulted if he called on any mute in that city. March 14, 1881. AMBASSADOR.

### "Defender's" Explanation.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. Thomas Breen, you seem to be ignorant of our aim in that long tirade. Our original and main object was and has been to protect and defend the rights of every mute (and even yours) and to help along the success of the project. So you see that our aim is noble and pure. No sooner had we perceived the possibility of the rise of ill feeling among the mutes, both of your city and this great State, than we took the field in person to prevent this evil, and the result was our reply to you.

Well, still adhering to our original principles, we therefore rise and take up our pen to reply again, resolving not to prove ourselves a poor navigator on the sea of journalism, where more terrible perils are frequent. But in this, our reply, you need not be harsh in concluding that we are influenced by excessive enthusiasm, which we despise, but a sense of duty and justice demands defence. We may say that you cherish "no selfish motives or ill-feeling" towards Mr. J. D. Ziegler. But we have to say, that we are not as yet entirely satisfied, since you confessed that you were informed of the fact, "through the personal motives" of the mutes of your city. Why so? You have not still answered our question, "What made you, 'Mr. Spy,' disclose the fact?" Had you had no "selfish motives" towards Mr. Ziegler, you would have proved a better man by not making such reflections upon him, in your recent reply.

As to Mr. Ziegler's motion, we did not mean that it was "coldly defeated." Any one who has good judgement, would understand what we meant. But if you are not satisfied with the word "rejected," we are quite willing to substitute for it "defeated" on your own authority. However, you must bear in mind that it is not our intention to sting the C. L. A. into war by insults. This act, we can not land in the least. Our statement in relation to the two students are (we affirm with our whole soul,) still not false. We indeed regret that you should consider (as evidenced by your sudden decision) us capable of lying, in the face of the public. O! by the immortal gods, we always seek the truth. Of course, the students did not come to your city for the purpose of informing us of the above facts. But on hearing that they were in your city, we overwhelmed by the absorbing interest in the subject, were anxious to obtain reliable information concerning the project. So, to achieve this end, we went and obtained our authority for statements from the students. Well, they furnished us with information relative to the very facts which you boldly declared to be false. We think that Mr. Cullingworth, a fine gentleman, must have been mistaken in reference to the reply of one of the students to him. We acquired trustworthy information concerning the same point the gentleman inquired of. The students said that the long and unnecessary discussions through the papers, in which difference of opinion might be expressed, would be unfavorable to the successful carrying out of the plan. So, in order to avoid this evil appearance, they did just what we said in our last article. For particulars, we would advise you to read over the article written by the worthy Secretary of the State Committee, in the JOURNAL, of October 21st, 1880.

Judging from our personal interview with the students, we may safely declare, that Mr. Ziegler did not act on the sly. We nevertheless believe that had Mr. Cullingworth, asked for information concerning the original idea, the student's reply would have been his full consolation.

We are sorry that Messrs. Guss and Cullingworth were disappointed in their failure to bring about their plan. Assuredly, we praise them for their early attempt; but neither we nor you can fairly impose a burden of blame upon the students for their unexpected proclamation, since we know that circumstances alter cases.

As to why Mr. Ziegler's best friends had not the manliness to second his motion, we have nothing to do with this question, as it is not our business to take any part in the interference with the affairs, either private or public, of the venerable Association or the others. The explanation of why they (including even Mr. Ziegler's best friends) did not second the motion belong to you. As we understand from your language, we agree with you that Mr. Ziegler's best friends should have exercised their influence to secure the success of the motion.

Regarding the part Mr. Z. did at the general meeting, you must have lost your sense of duty and honor. As he was the first to open the subject of the proposed convention, it was quite natural that he should accept the nomination, when he saw that there was no one who would accept it. Where you an originator of the subject, would you naturally refuse to accept the nomination in such case? In accepting the nomination, willing to meet the dangers usually incident to a new enterprise, Mr. Z. has the credit of having insured the success of the project. You said that he was declared elected as chairman at once, for want of time. Who declared him elected? It was the Rev. Mr. Syle. He is a gentleman, noted for his learning and knowledge of

Parliamentary Rules. Would he declare Mr. Z. elected, in ignorance of the principle that no one whose nomination of a certain office does not meet the approbation of those present at any association, should be declared elected?

You deny that Mr. Z. deserves praise for doing his duty as chairman in a creditable way. Still he does, even through the instruction of his famous brother. As is natural, in any association, those who want to conduct the business in a right way, seek the help or instruction of others, more fortunate. So with ex-President Hayes. Do you deny that he deserves credit for his prosperous administration? Have you read the new President's inaugural address? We call your attention to the first clause in the last paragraph. Observing these facts, you may rest assured that Mr. Z., in relying upon the wisdom of a "student of college fame," acted his part well. It is evident from your careless thoughts, that you did not act on the principle, "Look before you leap."

Your friends say that Mr. Z., as is his habit, shows a vast fund of energy and will, not in public but in private. Impelled by a sense of honor, we emphatically declare that his modest way of keeping silent in public is to be recommended to every intelligent and sensible mute. Therefore your friends or acquaintances know the amount of energy he has had in connection with the convention.

We are much obliged to you for saving our valuable time in finding out your real name, by disclosing it to the world as well as to the sky, with wonderful (?) boldness. Truly it is not cowardice, but modesty that forbids us to sign our real name. And now you have acted the man; we praise you; but you cannot ignore our courage in calling ourselves "Defender," which has a great deal of meaning. We are ready to confront the perils of a defender, like the "Defender of the Holy Sepulchre."

Now our reply has come to an end. Since you are so sensitive to facts, we have every reason to believe that you will acknowledge our statements as fixed facts. As you act on the Local committee, for your great city, you are expected to attend to your duty faithfully, and on this account, to save the readers of the JOURNAL the disgusting spectacle of a personal bickering.

Yours Respectfully,

DEFENDER.

March 5, 1881.

### Deaf-Mute School in New Jersey.

MR. EDITOR:—I see a statement in the JOURNAL of the 17th inst. that I went to New Brunswick, N. J., for the purpose of starting a school for deaf-mutes there. It is true I started to go, but as soon as I got as far as Trenton, I happened to notice in the morning papers that a bill had just been introduced by one of the members of the Legislature for the appropriation of \$75,000 for a school for deaf-mutes in this State. It made me think I had better postpone my journey and wait and see first what action the Legislature would take. I went up to the State House and had a conversation with some of the members of the Senate, but I could not find any enthusiasm whatever. It looked rather like a by-gone discussion over it. I thought I would try to encourage them to pay more attention to it. But I soon found out that the demand would be, "lobby the bill." Well, I felt very much disgusted over it, and wanted to play a good trick on one of these Jersey fools to see if I could not get the bill through without the use of money, for the demand would be \$500 or more, and it would not be an easy matter, so you see how really discouraging it was, and I thought it best not to venture any further. It seems that nothing can be done to induce them to pass the bill, unless some of them can get their fingers into the pie.

To-morrow I go to Trenton with three written documents, one for the Governor, the Senate, and the House of Assembly. After the Legislature adjourns sine die, which will be within a week or two, I may then, if God's providence directs me, go on to New Brunswick, where I shall make a vigorous effort to start a private school, and bother Governor Ludlow all I can over it as there is his place of residence.

P. B. GULICK.

STOCKTON, N. J., March 21, 1881.

### Philadelphia News.

The arrangement for the picnic is in order for the coming summer. Lots of fun, and keep your eyes on the splinters. The president of the Clerical Literary Association appointed a committee of three—viz: Messrs. Wm. R. Cullingworth, Wm. E. Guss and Wm. McKinney, to arrange it. Gentlemen well worthy to undertake as great a position to enter to such pleasant people as the mutes and their friends.

Mrs. G. C. Peters, nee Miss Spotts, of Chester County, Pa., who returned from New-York for some good reasons, a very charming lady, shows an example of health in all its purity. The lady is the guest of our most agreeable friend, Mr. Joe. C. Devlin.

The writer was informed by Tom. Breen that he thinks it advisable for his brother Johnny to stick up to his work and stay where he is now until August next, the time when the deaf-mute convention will be held here.

Mr. William E. Guss contemplates paying a flying visit to that city of renown—New-York—on Easter day.

The writer wishes him a pleasant trip and hopes him a safe return.

The Rev. H. W. Syle delivered a very interesting lecture concerning his recent tour to Europe, to the mutes in the room of the C. L. A. They, of course, took a great interest in his lecture, and deemed it one of great importance to the mutes, but for want of time, the lecturer had to postpone the most able part until some future time, which will be heartily welcomed by all that participated.

Master Solomon Bacharach is a remarkable gentleman, of very diminutive stature, but always willing to ingratiate himself into good society through the means of upholstery by way of explanation, in the present of a chair.

Our dear friend must have come in at the eleventh hour. Although, as I said, it was a rocking chair, he must have rocked himself there.

MR. ACME.

### From Flint.

Harry L. Zimmerman is rarely, if ever, seen to mingle in deaf-mute society. He created quite a sensation on the 14th, by rushing into the Globe office in a state of great excitement, and announced in a manner of great solemnity the ultimate demise of the Great Russian Czar.

The Washington Correspondent of the Mirror is no doubt a talented man in his own estimation, but when he nearly exhausted the vocabulary of jaw-breaking words, his epistles sound like the "jabbering of a North American Indian."

Will H. DeMotte, who has been employed the past winter in the mammoth dry goods establishment of Sea & Co., at Chicago, returned on the 15th, looking hale and hearty. He met with but few deaf-mutes in the "Garden City," among them Mr. James E. Gallagher.

Prof. Willis Hubbard favored the Institution Literary Society with a lecture on the evening of the 12th, his theme being "Life Saving Stations." He dwelt upon their efficiency, and methods employed in rescuing persons from a watery grave in case of shipwreck. As a whole, it was very interesting from beginning to end, and showed that the Professor was thorough master of his subject. The society itself is in a flourishing condition, and deserves all the encouragement to make it a success, as its character and motives justify merit.

A novel sight presented itself on one of our principal streets a few days ago, in which two professors of the Institution and a farmer were the actors. The two professors were conversing in the sign-language while some distance apart, which attracted the attention of a sturdy farmer, just fresh from the rural village. He gazed with wondering eyes upon the two mystical Solons as their fingers flew quick and fast, and after all was ended, the hard working toiler of the soil proceeded on his way in an apparently happy state of mind, having witnessed a scene never before presented to his visual organs.

What now mostly interests the deaf-mute community, is the coming Grand Combination Picnic, at Put-in-Bay, this summer. It promises to be a most elaborate affair, if all expectations are to be realized, and the occasion one that will leave behind many pleasant recollections. The deaf-mutes of Flint and vicinity are unanimously in favor of the fourth of July as the date for holding the picnic, and such, we hope, is the case with the majority of deaf-mutes in Michigan. We have no objections to its taking place in August, but on the above date, the various railroads would, perhaps, sell tickets to and from Detroit at half fare, and the deaf-mutes would be likely to avail themselves of the reduced rates, whereas in August it might be otherwise.

J. S.

FLINT, March 20, 1881.

### A Happy Surprise.

[From the Auburn (N. Y.) News and Democrat.]

A very pleasant event transpired at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob De Shong, of Leavenworth, on the evening of the 14th inst.

For the information of those who have not the pleasure of knowing that worthy couple, let me say that they are mutes, recently married, and but newly established in their very pleasant home. Having both attended institutions for the instruction of persons belonging to their unfortunate class in the sign language, and other arts calculated to relieve them, as much as possible, of their misfortune, they have formed a wide acquaintance, and have many friends, among whom they number Mr. and Mrs. James D. Jones, of Seneca Falls.

It is to that lady and gentleman they owe the pleasure of the "surprise" that overtook them on the evening mentioned. Mr. and Mrs. J. had sent invitations to a large number of mutual acquaintances—mostly, also, mutes—and when the Cayuga Lake train arrived at Union Springs some thirty guests were abroad, and were immediately transferred to private carriages in waiting, and transported to the home of the unexpected host and hostess. Among the number—besides the lady and gentleman above mentioned—were Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Tuttle and Mr. and Mrs. J. Godfrey, of Auburn; Mrs. John Benedict, of Leavenworth, and Miss Kittie Boardley, of Union Springs. The names of others I fail to recall.

Of those present who were not mutes, I may mention Mrs. G. P. Schenck, of Auburn, with her daughter,

Miss Nellie; Miss Hattie Frits, of the same place, and Mrs. A. R. Shank, of Auburn.

Mr. and Mrs. De Shong were visiting at a neighbor's when the company arrived, and only learned of that pleasant fact on reaching their home, where they found their friends in possession, and enjoying the occasion in the ways peculiar to such assemblages. While most of the company were entertaining themselves with conversations and games, others were preparing refreshments. The non-mute participants in this affair, being themselves more or less familiar with the deaf and dumb languages soon fell into the mute ways of the majority of those present, and the bustle and mirth and jollity of the occasion was curiously noiseless, though no company could have been busier or jollier. They played games, they danced, Miss Frits playing the piano and Miss De Shong marking time for the benefit of those who could not hear; they recited selections from the Bible and from the works of our best poets, and made the occasion a happy one for everybody. Mr. Tuttle's pantomime presentation of "The Lord's Prayer," and "Christ Stilling the Tempest," was especially excellent, while the superior grace and beauty of his charming wife, won for her an equal share of good opinion.

It was a very happy event, and we hope all present may be permitted to enjoy many other.

L. S.

### Longevity of the Deaf.

The undersigned has appointed himself a committee of one on statistics relating to the longevity of the deaf, with especial purpose to combat what he believes the mistaken notion, entertained by insurance men and others, that the duration of life of the deaf and dumb falls below the general average. To this end, and as a commencement, an urgent appeal is made to the deaf of this and other states for the names and residences of those who are forty years of age and upwards. Send name, age and residence, on a postal card or otherwise. It may do you much good.

FORT LEWIS SELNEY.

ROME, N. Y.

### Rev. Job Turner's Appointments.

The Rev. Job Turner, a deaf-mute minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will (D. V.) visit the following places to hold Divine Service for Deaf-Mutes: and those interested in their welfare:

Mobile, Ala.,	March	2d.
New Orleans, La.,	"	6th.
Morgan City, La.,	"	13th.
Galveston, Texas,	"	20th.
San Antonio, Texas,	"	23d.
Austin, Texas,	"	27th.
Little Rock, Ark.,	"	30th.
Memphis, Tenn.,	April	3d.
Oxford, Miss.,	"	10th.
Kosciusko, Miss.,	"	13th.
Jackson, Miss.,	"	15th.
Vicksburg, Miss.,	"	17th.
Baton Rouge, La.,	"	20th.
Livingston, Ala.,	"	24th.
Talladega, Ala.,	"	27th.
Cave Spring, Ga.,	"	29th.
Knoxville, Tenn.,	May	1st.
Chattanooga, Tenn.,	"	4th.
Danville, Ky.,	"	6th.
Lexington, Ky.,	"	8th.
Louisville, Ky.,	"	15th.
Hopkinsville, Ky.,	"	18th.
Nashville, Tenn.,	"	22d.
Jackson, Tenn.,	"	25th.
Maysville, Ky.,	June	5th.
Parkersburg, W. Va.,	"	8th.
Clarksburg, W. Va.,	"	9th.
Wheeling, W. Va.,	"	12th.
Charlestown, W. Va.,	"	15th.
Staunton, W. Va.,	"	16th.

The services will be conducted with the assistance of the Rectors, who will use the Church Service in the spoken, while the same is rendering in the sign-language. The sermon will be read by the Rector to the speaking and hearing, at the same time it will be delivered in the sign-language for the benefit of the deaf-mutes attending.

The service, while it does not materially interfere with the ordinary services held in the Church, may be of interest to those who are not familiar with the deaf-mute language; and it is hoped that good may result.

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